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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast are served together with unfailing regularity in the best homes of Richmond. Is your morning program complete?

Opportunity for Virginia Farmers

PURCHASES of horses, on an enormous scale, for the use of the armies of warring Europe, has more than immediate and temporary interest. In Richmond alone nearly 2,000 horses are now assembled for shipment abroad, and there are similar concentrations in many cities throughout the country. It all presages a dearth for years to come.

Horses are mere food for powder in the theory of modern war. Hundreds of thousands of them will die before this great conflict reaches a decision. Already, so it is said, Germany is beginning to feel the pinch of scarcity, and the closure of her ports prevents replenishment of her supply by the allies' method of large purchases in the United States and other neutral lands.

For a good many years the price of horseflesh is certain to be high, and Virginia farmers who add stock raising to their other activities will have every right expectation of generous profits.

A Dowry for No-Brider?

PHILADELPHIA mill owner of great wealth, meeting an attractive widow at church, is alleged between hymns to have made it plain to her that if there was husk in his voice when singing it was due to Cupid, not cold. He is seventy-two years old, she somewhat younger, but not a child. Both have grown children. Business woman that she was, she arranged for a dowry of \$65,000 upon her marriage. Perhaps he had the same keen sense of business, because in her allegations in a suit just filed it appears that, after thinking it over, he decided to indefinitely postpone nuptials.

The question as to whether a bride that failed to materialize can recover a dowry in lieu of orange blossoms is a delicate one. The lawyer makes the dowry contract the basis of his suit, and thereby reduces the affair to one of dollars and cents, rather than a broken heart. This is not at all flattering to the man in the case, who may have imagined at one time that her chief interest was sentimental; but, in any event, the issue is squarely drawn.

Can a disappointed bride-to-be get her dowry?

The City Manager

LOS ANGELES is about to vote on a charter amendment putting the city under direct control of a city manager and a board of eleven directors, who in turn are appointed by the Mayor and City Council under civil service rules. The city manager will take part in Council deliberations, but without a vote. In other words, the Mayor and City Council will make the laws, the manager will administer them, in so far as they concern direction of the city's affairs.

More and more the idea of business management of public interests is growing. There is nothing fantastic in it. It is sound for a city if it is sound for a huge business that spends as much money as the city, or relatively as much. This is the day of "getting-down-to-cases," and the "lin ticks" of management count more than political influence or the method by which this or that man got his job in the Council. Politicians will play with their accustomed interest in Los Angeles, but with much of their former cares and worries shunted to the shoulders of the manager. And it is to be hoped that, in the same ratio, some of the former cares and worries of the taxpayers will also be shifted.

"Eat Noodles," Says Perkins

IN his unregenerate days, George W. Perkins was a partner in the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., in which connection he is reputed to have amassed enough money to keep the wolf a safe distance from his humble home. In his next incarnation George W. sprouted a very fine pair of wings as the angel of T. R.'s personally piloted Progressive party. And now your Uncle George, as chairman of the Mayor of New York's food supply committee, is an apostle of that gospel which teaches the commonality that the way to reduce the cost of food is by substituting for the eatables you like those that you despise.

Of course, Mr. Perkins is an old hand at trying to force unwelcome food down people's throats. The voters have scorned his political endurance, so he has turned to a field where no man may say that he is not accomplishing something. It is even probable that he is contriving to make ridiculous the earnest work that scientific dietists have been trying to do.

In his latest circular the erstwhile angelic Progressive tells an inoffensive and inarticulate public to eat macaroni, spaghetti and noodles, because, when combined with cheese, they are equal to meat as a food. Of course, we were told this long ago in

the Department of Agriculture's booklets, and it may be true, though a perverse public persists in preferring a juicy beefsteak to a dish of noodles, even though that doubtless virtuous dish be garnished with cheese.

But when the advice comes from Mr. Perkins, it seems a bit hollow. He is not an authority on the value of foods, nor on anything else in particular, except the whiteness of soul of George W. Perkins. He is a millionaire with money enough to buy what his eye desires and his stomach craves—and to the deuce with the cost. The common man, sweating big drops in the effort to make both ends meet, is apt to resent noodles-as-a-substitute-for-beef counsel from such a source.

The Science of Spuggery

SPUGGERY is a science that has sprung up within the last few years, to head off reckless extravagance at Christmas time and restore something of the simplicity of spirit that is of the Yule. As is the case with all movements intended for the reorganization of individual human nature, it has been up-hill and down for Spuggery, according to whether a particular community embraced or ridiculed it, but, on the whole, it has added something to the sum of economic knowledge, and has turned many a foolish person into a good spender.

This is a splendid year for Spuggery. There are homes that are compelled to get along on half rations, incident to the great industrial reorganization that has swept the country; and there are other homes that have no rations at all. If there ever was opportunity for the prevention of useless giving, 1914 furnishes one with all necessary decorations. And right now is the time to toss false pride out the window.

There never was a nicer present than the stocking full of inexpensive fruit and candy, combined with the kiss of Mrs. Santa Claus as she tucked the little fellow in and patted him to deeper slumber. Not all the ingenuity of toymakers has coaxed the girl away from her favorite rag doll. It is surprising how little we can get along with, and how happy childhood can be made with small expense. And, since Christmas is essentially the season for making children happy, why not go away back to the system of our grandparents, before the age of automobile financing?

Thanks for the Mercy

REPORTS come from the front now specifically describing how prisoners of war are to be treated by the Germans during the winter. They will have comfortable wooden houses with hot water for bathing; item: good food, warm clothing and enough work to keep them healthy; item: they will be treated firmly but kindly.

We never get the truth at the beginning of trouble. Two boys in a fist fight will tell marvelous tales of how the one bit the other unfairly, or how the other gouged the one's eye with his deadly finger. The first cry raised in a fight is one of foul. So when stories of German atrocities came over in the first place, folk who read shuddered and said war was more than Sherman called it. The next stage was reached when the necessities of war somewhat softened the brutality of such alleged atrocities. Then correspondents in the field sent out round robins of denial. Finally, we discover, to our amazement, that on the whole the German disposition to be human is quite as marked as that of the British and French.

This is most pleasing. Admitting the possibility of great brutality until the human side of the conflict asserted itself, it's all over now, and he who wishes to be fair will give the Germans credit for all the humanity they are inclined to display. After all, the real man's man is not a brother, Teuton or Saxon.

The Fists of the Irish

EVEN the most determined love of peace will feel some sense of relief, if not of satisfaction, in reading the story of that nameless Irish regiment which, when surprised by the Germans, met the enemy with their first-class fists and eventually laid the foe prostrate through this gentle agency. The story may not be true, but the hope will be widely entertained that it did not come bodily out of the correspondent's imagination.

For when gunners are slaying men whom they cannot see; when shells traverse miles to mutilate human bodies, it is not without comfort to learn that the, by contrast, humane and lovable fist occasionally gets a chance. The clenched hand is man's essential weapon of offense and defense. Everything else that is used to batter and slay is artificial, even if it be true that the use of the club and the howitzer mark man's evolution from the state of savagery.

Any person of ordinary imagination can easily picture the Irishmen's joy, when they got the chance to leave trying to kill "by the book of arithmetic" for the more congenial and satisfactory exercise of fist against clubbed gun. It is possible, too, that if such charming ructions can be assured to them, the enlistment of the Irish will be greatly accelerated.

The Belgians and U. S.

PRESIDENT WILSON was eminently right, of course, in refusing to make the Belgian relief movement a national concern, in a political sense. He was right again in volunteering as a private citizen to find some man who, to his mind as President, was fitted to become a member of the relief commission. It is not difficult to see the line between national and private aid, nor to appreciate its significance. This country could not, officially, go into any relief movement for any one side without giving at least a surface encouragement and hope to that side's war policies.

It stands to reason that the German ambassador could have done nothing less than he did in presenting his country's protest against any open governmental action. Meantime, it is worth while to look into our home affairs. Help will reach the Belgians from all parts of the world. Our own needs are so local that we cannot call upon the world to help. There are many sad homes in America to-day, sad not on account of distress across the water, but because of distress that this American can touch with his hand without leaving his own home.

This is a time for fullness of charity, brightness of brotherly love, for spontaneous sympathy. It will be a winter of crying needs. It will be a period of actual test.

"Mexico City in Ferment" runs a newspaper headline. That, probably, precedes a rising, but neither is a novelty in the Mexican capital. It is always in one condition or the other.

Although they are not fond of reverses, the Germans welcome checks from the Belgians.

SONGS AND SAWS

Keeping Up With the Tide.
There was an Ancient Mariner,
A jolly tar was he,
Who spent his time full joyously
By the rebounding sea
(Perhaps to say joyously full
More accurate would be.)
He measured his potatoes by
The rising of the tide,
And every time it climbed a
foot,
Another nip he tried,
So that when the tide was full
This tar was full beside.

The Peasant's Lament.
What a pity that old prophet of evil, Cassandra,
Is not still with us in the flesh! She could
have made a fortune a year as a Republican
orator.

Explaining It.
"Yes, father!"
"Yes, my son!"
"What is a lame duck?"
"A lame duck, my boy, is a politician who
clings so hard to the public crib, when his constituents are prying him loose, that he loses
some of his power of locomotion and can't feed
himself."
"And then what happens?"
"Why, it becomes necessary for some of the
guardians of the crib to let him in at a back
door."

One of the Sufferers.
Grubbs—Has this war caused you any personal suffering?
Stubbs—You bet it has! I've had to listen
every day to the fifty-seven varieties of
unmitigated bore who know all about it.

Dogging His Best.
She—Do you keep up with the new dances?
He—Not quite, but I am doing fairly well. I
checked them over yesterday, and found I had
acquired all that had been introduced up to
last Monday, and was only eighteen behind the
game.

Keeping at It.
The man who keeps on going
Is bound to travel far,
And he who's ever climbing
Gets somewhere near his star—
It's on the one who quits that Fate
Leaves its most lasting scar.

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

Says Editor Beasley in his South Boston News: "England is paying \$5,000,000 a day to take care of the war expense. This is tough." Conserve the flow of your kindly sympathy, brother. If this rough-house play in Europe isn't called off in good time England will be promising instead of paying. That will be tough.

The editor of the Northern Neck News is not among those who pretend to follow the war news, and thereby keep intelligently posted on the situation. He says with commendable frankness: "We once saw three dogs and two cats in a mix-up on a dusty road, and nobody could tell which was which or which was where. The war in Europe reminds us of that."

Everybody's picking on the poor lean Turkey. The West Point News offers this suggestion: "Thanksgiving time is here and Europe can have a Thanksgiving of its own by wiping the Turkey off the European platter." In the meantime Turkey is subsisting on her nest egg. Have a heart!

The Fincastle Herald observes: "The United States is this year spending \$40,000,000 for new church buildings," and omits to add "Let us pray."

As the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot puts it: "Billy Sunday has signed for an eight weeks' engagement in Kansas City early in the coming year." Play ball.

The Blackstone Courier brings this example of the wrong way of thinking: "A headline read 'New Revolution is On in Mexico.' It is the same old revolution, according to our way of thinking." There is never an old revolution in Mexico. They are all new and fresh. Only the spirit is evergreen.

Viewing the political ruins after the battle, the Clifton Forge Review gives this estimate: "But Sulzer says that he has made Teddy Roosevelt look like 30 cents. Unless our eyes deceive us, Bill looks like a plugged nickel himself." Two bits and a dime for the pair looks like a low appraisal. Going, going, going—once, twice, three times, and—Wait a moment. Did you say that nickel is plugged?

The cheerful philosopher of South Boston, Editor Lacy, of the Halifax Gazette, drops into poetry, chants a psalm of Thanksgiving in three stanzas of four lines each, then rounds out his symphony with half a hundred lines of obsequious reflections. Some of which are these: "And that isn't all, for if we owe money now, we ought to be thankful we were once able to get credit. We're here, and we're going to stay here until we die, and if we aren't better off than many others, we are lots better off than many others, so cheer up, and be glad you're alive!" The fellow who can sing in that tone is better off than most folks, and he must necessarily go the whole route of life's journey with a laugh and a song.

Current Editorial Comment

Prof. Taft Growing Mournful.
Professor William H. Taft, of Yale—as, it is understood, he now prefers to be called—is lately showing evidences of a pessimism that is not in accord with his well-known genial roundness. He declares that we must maintain a navy that will make it dangerous for any foreign nation to land on our shores—which we may have already—and likewise a sufficient army to repel the invasion of any land foe. No one understands better than Professor Taft what a heavy burden of expense the maintenance of such forces would place on the taxpayer, but, convinced of their need, he would, of course, be quite willing to bear his share. Likewise, he declares that "loose accounting will temporarily bankrupt the United States government." These are dire forecasts that should give us pause; but withal there is some comfort to be extracted from the situation. The financial accounting of the country has been notoriously loose for a great many years, and Senator Aldrich recognized the defects in national management so clearly that he declared that efficient administration would save \$200,000,000 a year of the taxpayers' money. And we have not gone bankrupt yet. Moreover, there has been recent improvement with the adoption of a budget system which seems to be surely on its way. Thus it would appear that we can continue to sleep of nights through the process of betterment without fear of some international sheriff selling us out.—Indianapolis News.

Insults to Nation's Uniform.
Secretary of the Navy Daniels is much outraged over the bad treatment said to have been extended to some sailors who recently appeared in public amusement places wearing their uniforms. Just what the discourtesy was, we are not told, but presumably it was a refusal to admit the men to some theatre or dance hall, as the secretary is threatening "to prosecute in every case where a sailor is denied admission to a place of public entertainment on the

score of his uniform." This is not the first time that complaint of discourteous treatment of the wearers of our military clothes has been recorded. Several times in the past the authorities have had to take cognizance of some such acts. It is time an end were put to them, and Secretary Daniels's threat may materialize into such active legal measures as will henceforth be a deterrent to those who would look with contempt upon a uniform in times of peace and hide behind the wear in days of war. Why any one should entertain an antipathy to the uniform of an army or navy man is not easy to understand. No official garb in the world is more honorable than the fighting clothes of the nation's defenders, and the people who capriciously a prejudice against this garb are both silly and unpatriotic.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Nov. 23, 1864.)

The full particulars of the affair at Chester came to us in the official report to the War Department by General Lee. He says: "General Pickett reports that a portion of the enemy's picket line, which was attacked and taken possession of and held. One colonel, two captains, two lieutenants and 113 privates were captured, besides the dead and wounded left on the field. Our loss was one killed and nine were mistaken in supposing the enemy attacked General Pickett. The boat was on the other leg."

In the neighborhood of Fort Harrison it is observed that the Federal force appears to have been largely augmented in the last few days. The cold rain of yesterday and the day before put a stop to sanguinary operations on land on the north side of the James river, but will not interfere with the operations of the water on the river, not even though a second deluge should descend, as now seems likely, judging from the appearance of the skies and the other indications.

For several weeks the shelling of Petersburg has been almost entirely suspended, and it may be well enough to sum up the results so far. The number of shells thrown into the city since the enemy first opened their batteries upon the women and children is estimated at 20,000, and during that time only four whites and twelve negroes have been killed. The shelling has actually been a source of profit to the poor of the city and, incidentally, an advantage to the Confederacy, as the poor people have collected several hundred thousand pounds of metal, which they sold to the Ordnance Department. The amount paid out by the department for this metal is over \$60,000. This is an extraordinary illustration of the old adage, "Tis an ill wind that blows good to nobody."

The latest from the South is to the effect that Sherman's army, now 60,000 strong, is now near Griffin, Ga.; that he has divided his army, sending the mounted forces in the direction of Augusta, while the main body, under the immediate command of Sherman, is moving very slowly towards Macon.

The New York Herald of recent date, just received in this city, says it is much surprised that the expected attack of the Confederates on Grant's lines at Petersburg has not materialized.

The Northern press reports that the Confederates are constructing a dam on a creek near Petersburg that empties in the Appomattox River, the object being to accumulate water, when it turns it loose and flood Grant's lines out of their intrenchments. Nothing has been heard here of such a movement, but it may be that it is being carried through. The War Department is very silent as to what is going on.

The quietude around Petersburg has now become chronic. It is generally understood on both sides that we need not look for anything big for several months to come. Both belligerents seem to have decided upon a long winter rest.

The Broad Rock races were in full bloom yesterday. The leading contest of the day was the three-mile sprint with an entrance fee of \$2,500, with \$2,000 added by the proprietors. The entries were Ward & Dowell's Orion, Green & Fenderson's Conductor and D. MacDonald's bay horse Oakland. Oakland won readily. Time, 5 minutes and 53 seconds.

The Bright Side of Life

In or Out.
The visiting lady had kept her hostess at the open door fully an hour saying good-by. Finally an irate masculine voice indoors called out: "Say, Maria, if you're going out, go; if you're staying, stay, but don't keep the house's sake, don't ope out."—Harper's Magazine.

The Worst to Come.
"Are you in favor of wearing cotton?"
"Yes," replied the patriotic citizen, "although I don't know what is going to happen to me when they start picking out callen neckties for me."—Washington Star.

When Too Much Is Plenty.
"Why, didn't you enjoy the Thanksgiving party, Harry? Didn't you have enough to eat?"
"Oh, yes; but there's no fun in having just enough."—Life.

Painfully True.
Tragedian—Fact is, I can't stand many drinks.
Tommy—I believe you, guv'nor; anyway, you don't.—London Opinion.

His Other Home.
School-Teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?
Bobby—I ken, please.

Too Impatient.
Suiter (waiting for the lady)—Is your daughter getting impatient?
Father—She'll come out when she's good and ready, and if you git fresh I'll knock yer block off.—Cornell Widow.

Why Fish Are Brain Food.
The two vacationers had fished an hour without a nibble to reward them for their patience. "At a time like this," said the first man, "old Isaac Walton would have indulged in philosophy. Have you anything philosophical on your mind?"
The second man, who had been fishing for nothing, replied: "Nothing but this," replied the other man. "I suppose it is by refusing to bite and compelling fishermen to philosophize that fish get the reputation of being brain food."—Newark News.

Queries and Answers

Great Guns.
Can you inform me how much it costs to fire the ten-inch and the fourteen-inch guns?

A. H. C.
Ten-inch, with cast iron projectile, for target practice, \$120; with armor-piercing projectile, \$350. Fourteen-inch, with cast iron projectile, \$250; with armor-piercing projectile, \$390.

Treaties.
Where may I best get list and outlines of treaties made since the beginning of the present administration in the United States?

J. G. N.M.
Write the Department of State, Washington, D. C.

Verses Wanted.
Will you print the verses beginning, "Said old farmer Gay on Thanksgiving Day: If you want to be happy, give something away?"

MISS E. F.

Ben Green.
What was the date of the Ben Green default in the Richmond and Petersburg bonds matter in the way of punishment? What was the amount of the loss?
MANCHESTER.
Discovery made public April 11, 1840. The amount of the loss of the Bank of Virginia was about \$550,000. Trial of Green and Dabney was several times postponed, and the case was finally dismissed.

WAR MUMPS

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



Looks Like She's Going to Have Them on Both Sides.

—From the Nashville Tennessean.

ITALY FEARFUL OF ISOLATION

NEW YORK, November 22.—The Evening Post prints the following from a staff correspondent in Turin, Italy: In Italy there are two principal currents of opinion. Springing from sympathy with France, from long-entertained admiration for England, and from horror at the atrocities of the war, they grow in strength and importance because the course of the conflict affects and threatens (every day more nearly) the interests of Italy.

One of these currents, the most emotional and most colored by patriotic aims, always those parties related to the disciples of our Risorgimento (the Nationalists), or to the school of Mazzini and Garibaldi (the Republicans), or, finally, to the followers of the humanitarian theories which opened a way for themselves through the bloodshed of the French Revolution (the Revolutionary Socialists).

The other current comes principally from Democrats, Radicals and Reformist-Socialists. The second considers with great attention the present interests of Italy; starting from an examination of facts, it arrives at moderate conclusions; and it does not conceal from itself how grave it would be for Italy and for her economic development, should she find herself isolated, and cut off from the world, which is overturning all values of material and political life in Europe.

The first (Nationalists, Republicans, and some Socialists), at the sight of the tortured Belgium and of Russian menaced with defeat, cried aloud in the name of humanity, and also of Italian unity, and is not yet silent. The second has been growing, as it caught the echo of national sentiment, more and more sympathetic to the cause of England; and, as with the increasing defeat of Austria, there has appeared the danger of the falling apart of the Austrian empire, and the other danger, equally great, of Russian advance to the Adriatic, it has become more and more eager for intervention.

How Italian Minds Are Working.

Italy is the patriotic argument. Three Italian provinces to redeem: people of our own blood, invoking us with outstretched arms. This dream, which two years ago seemed unrealizable, has now entered the field of concrete possibilities. Austria, according to the almost universal opinion, has no more strength of resistance. Our interest is, in this solemn passing hour, to take Trent and Trieste, Fiume and Zara. We must win this program before the eyes and in our hearts—not in diplomatic disguise, not for the sake of Adriatic or Balkan equilibrium, or of Latin resistance to the irruption of Slavism, but solely for the national and ideal purposes which, for half a century, guided Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. The year of 1914 must for us join itself to the years 1866, 1859, 1849 and 1848. National unity, still unattained, must be achieved.

Under the program of intervention, which under our fathers was interrupted at Custoza must accomplish its end. It was not at the Isonzo that the great Italians, from Dante to Cavour, placed the backbone of Italy. To-day we may establish them where the race ends. Let us open our eyes to this truth. With what sorrow and scorn shall we be regarded, in the realm of shadows, by the heroes of thought and action, who broke the chains of slavery and laid the foundations of our country? Let us consider what an inexorable curse will be laid upon our graves by our sons, if we allow the brilliant meteor to pass without leaving its light. The Italian destiny of the century, the invulnerable thrust of those who sacrificed their lives in the galleys and on the scaffold, in order to constitute us an independent nation, and worthy of the name of Italian, must be achieved.

Then, things are said and written openly by the Nationalists; the Republicans, with a more steadfast remembrance of their leaders, loudly proclaim them; and if the Revolutionary Socialists may not say them, they listen, and some among them applaud. Democrats, Radicals, Reformist-Socialists, too, demand intervention. The difference between the two sets of opinions lies in this: one party (Nationalists and Republicans) desires immediate intervention, at all costs, for the sake of a united Italian race; the other is equally desirous of intervention, but bases its desire upon a delicate reason—the fact that Austria has been defeated by Russia, or, at least, is in such a condition as to render defeat, not merely probable, but certain. The difference between the two parties is not great. The first is logical in demanding immediate intervention, because helping France and Russia in the destruction of Austria signifies for them an advance toward the patriotic ideal to which they are principally tending. The other, who looks toward the interests of the whole of Italy, and not only of the three provinces not as yet within our political boundaries, and desires thorough preparation, because it foresees the necessity of intervention at no distant date. But neither party really regrets our present neutrality, or wishes to precipitate events.

Argument of Practical Considerations.
And here is the matter-of-fact argument: The European war, they say, though

it has not, as yet, brought its horrors to our borders, will, in its final results, directly affect us. The isolation of peace, in which, seeking to escape from the European war, we have immured ourselves, can never isolate us from the world. Italy will feel the political effects of the war; just as to-day, even in peace, she is suffering from its disastrous economic effects.

By proclaiming neutrality, Italy has given evidence to the world of an intention of keeping peace and of an absence of any imperialistic program of expansion. Italy desires only to live, and to keep what she has. But her possessions and, still more, her present situation, will be secure only so long as her actual territorial integrity is respected. The states that surround our country and maintain the balance of power really determine our situation; these states cannot fall or change, without immediately menacing our status, and imposing upon us grave new problems for the future. The late nations, without being decisive, have already scored a tremendous defeat for Austria.

Now, Austria is at war with two Slav states; these Slav states no longer stand as the goal of their hitherto victorious action. The Russians are advancing, and press upon Austria with the irresistible mass of their army. The late nations, without being decisive, have already scored a tremendous defeat for Austria.

If three provinces of Italian race are in danger of being lost forever; if, by not participating in the war, Italy finds herself threatened in the Adriatic; if she is to be cut off from all possibility of economic, political and commercial development in the Mediterranean, Italy cannot remain indifferent. Italy reduced to such a position, is forced to drive off or support either from Germany or from England, exposed both to the anger of France and of Austria, would see her reason for existing in the world steadily diminished; and, indeed, her life within her own boundaries would be virtually annihilated.

Italy's Enormous Stakes.
For Italy the whole game of the Adriatic is at stake. To lose, means not only the final loss of a precious and sacred national patrimony, and the renunciation of our long inherited duty to maintain our civilization upon the opposite shore, but it means, moreover, losing all the practical and political advantages which that patrimony represents, and driving our country, after a European war which has kept her in mortal anxiety, into a new, acute and desperate struggle.

The first formula of Russia and of the other nations, is to be cut off from the Adriatic—preserves the interests of both Italy and Serbia, and even conciliates them amicably.

The solution of the new problems raised by the course of the war stands at the door of the future history of Italy.

Teeth in Health Work

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., November 22.—Much of the attention of the delegates to the meeting of the American Public Health Association, to be held in this city from Monday, November 30, to Friday, December 4, inclusive, will be given to the National Hygiene Association meets in this city during that week, and joint sessions with the American Public Health Association have been planned.

The various aspects of school dental inspection and the school dental clinic, popular education in oral hygiene, and the place of mouth hygiene in personal health and in the public health movement will be discussed at the joint sessions.

Section pictures and exhibits will show the work that is being done in the mouth hygiene campaign. Efforts will also be made to further stimulate the organization of lay and professional forces throughout the country for more effective education work. This will be co-ordinated, even more than in the past, with the general organized effort for better food, sanitation and health. The interest shown in all parts of the country in the approaching meeting of the American Public Health Association promises one of the largest meetings in the history of the organization, and indicates, in the opinion of the local committee, an increasing public interest in health matters. The most recent information on the subjects of cancer, the prevention of disease among negroes of the South, industrial hygiene and the concerted movement on the part of all the health workers for more reliable vital statistics will, it is expected, stimulate increased public health activity not only in the South, but throughout the country.